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The author of this book is a well-known Calif. newspaper writer, reporter editor &c. At the present time (Oct 8 1898) he is on the Record-Union. He has been on the Call, Examiner &c - wrote a "Struggle for Bread". Wrote seven novels, some under pseudonyms.

His portrait is on the opposite page.

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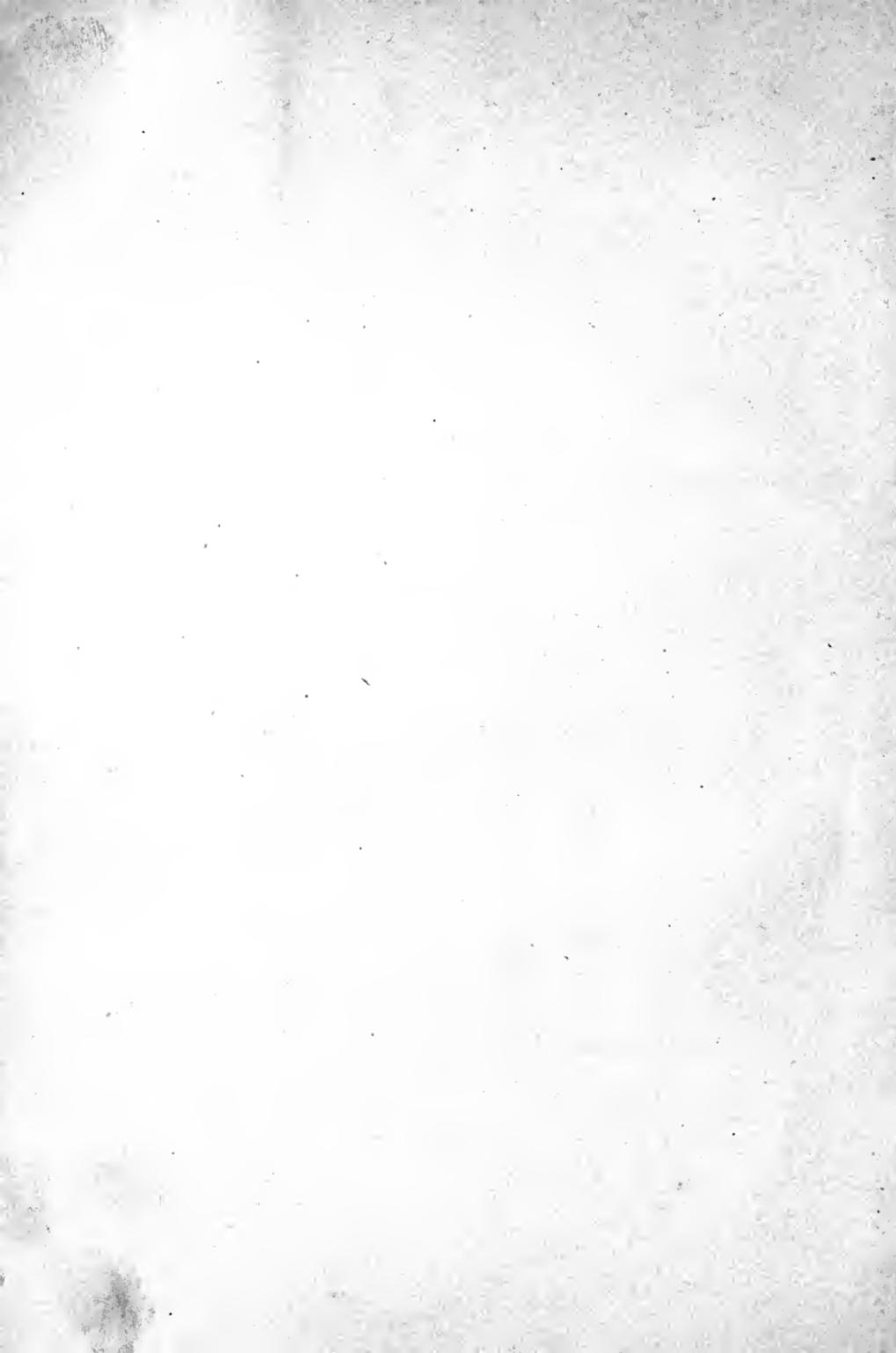
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MAGAZINE ESSAYS.

BY

LEIGH IRVINE

CONTAINING A FEW SHORT ESSAYS WRITTEN DURING
LEISURE HOURS.

FIRST EDITION.

NEW YORK.

1886.

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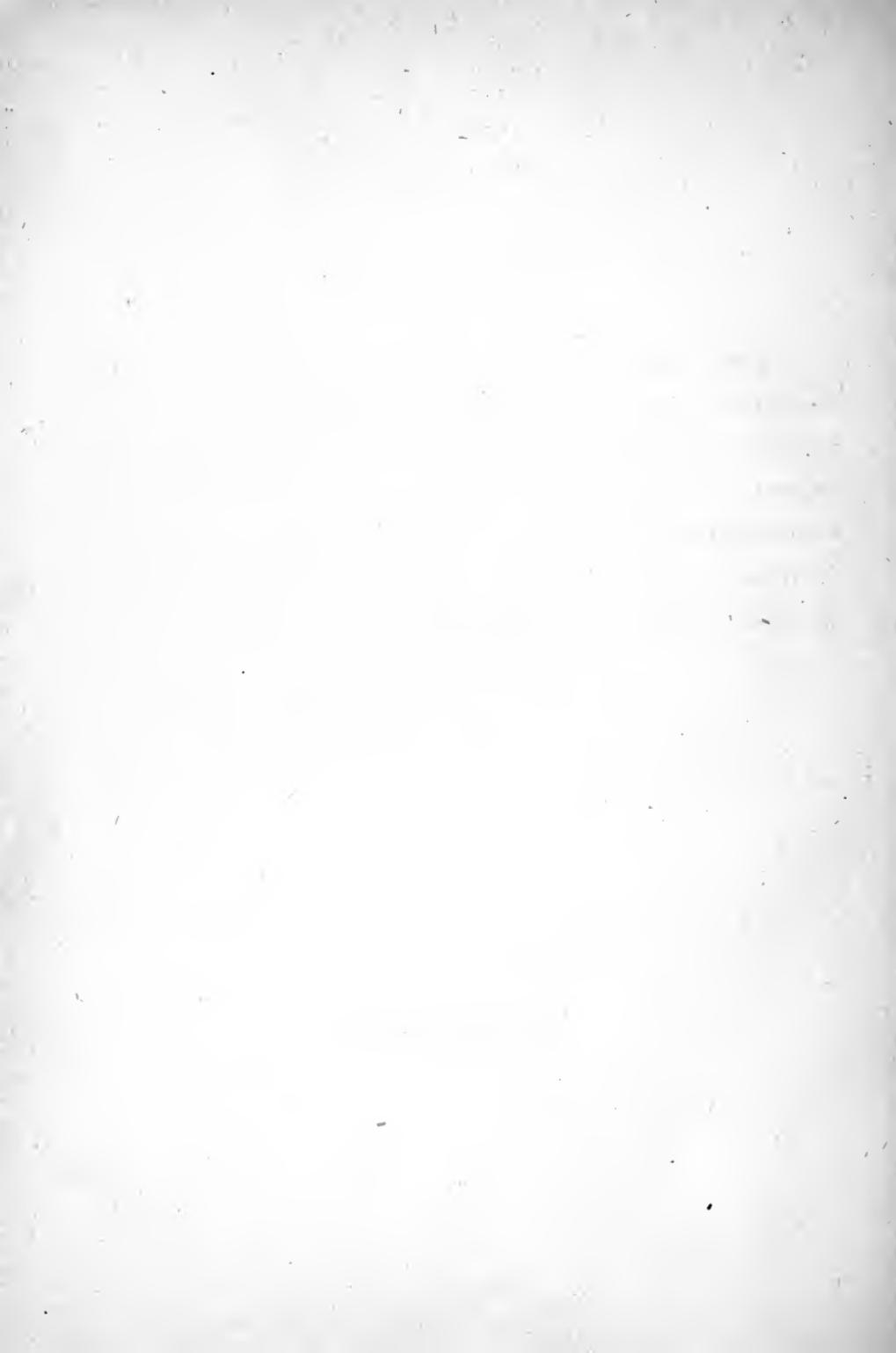
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MAIN

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THE NEWSPAPER MEN OF AMERICA,
WHOSE ENTERPRISE AND ACHIEVE-
MENTS I ADMIRE, AND IN WHOSE
PROFESSION I HUMBLY LABOR, THIS
LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

- I. POE AND EMERSON.
- II. STEAM AND HEREDITY.
- III. ORATORY.
- IV. STUDIES IN SUICIDE.



PREFACE.



The author offers no apology for the publication of this little volume. As the title indicates, the book is a collection of magazine papers, written and published within a few years. Some of them appeared in the Chicago *Current*, but all have been revised for this edition. It is proper to mention that the paper entitled "Oratory" is an extract from a lecture delivered in a number of western cities. The papers are all short, and the author humbly submits them for what they are worth.

Sincerely,

LEIGH IRVINE.





POE AND EMERSON.

I.

POE AND EMERSON.

No lover of American poetry can fail to admire the spirit and beauty of Poe's poems, for they possess a rhythm and harmony of word arrangement seldom equaled in the annals of modern poesy. The reflective tone of Emerson's poetry, on the other hand, stands in marked contrast to the verses of Poe. From the same country no greater dissimilarity could spring, and it is difficult to comprehend how the same age and surroundings of civilization could produce, from a common soil, poets so totally unlike in every essential particular. The poetry of Emerson is even, dignified, philosophic; that of Poe is full of the marvelous, abounds in intense passion, and its pictures are the weird creations of a restless imagination.

There is no example of a distinct and original style in literature which is more striking than the alliterative melodies of Edgar A. Poe, by the means of which he brought a new verse into our poetry. Not less unique than Poe's alliterations are the abstract and isolated gems which are sometimes found in the verse of Ralph Waldo Emerson. A study of the productions of Poe and Emerson—the most dissimilar of American poets—is fraught with interest. No extremes of style and verse could offer more striking lights and shadows of thought and art blendings. The "Sage of Concord" will in all probability be worshiped as a philosopher and revered as a clear and striking essayist when his poems are read by none save the appreciative few. Of all his poems Emerson believed the little eleven line verse. "Days," to be the best. The lines carry a deep philosophy, full of hints and candid lessons, and will bear insertion here:

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Even after carefully presenting such a verse the lover of Emerson's poetry pauses for the plaudits he may be eager to hear, while the listener often breaks the suspense with a remark which it would be difficult to interpret as a favorable criticism. The unconventional raiment of the thought obscures its beauties from many readers, among whom may be numbered those of the best tastes. But the thought itself is perhaps too philosophic for poetry of the true stamp, for, in technical strictness, the language of imagination must largely enter into genuine poetry. A very able writer on the rhetoric of versification throws light on this topic. The following quotation from his work suffices to draw the line between poetry and prose: "Prosaic matter," he says, "even if put into the form in which poetry generally appears, is still nothing more than prose." Whether Emerson's "Days" is poetry or prose each reader will decide for himself, for as tastes and education differ so must judgments in delicate matters like these.

It is well known to readers that the productions of Poe and Emerson are wholly unlike, both in form and substance. This general statement has one or two exceptions, for in some of Emerson's minor verses there are constructions not unlike the touches of Poe. The little poem in which occurs the line—

And rounds with rhyme her every rune,

is one instance of such similarity of form. A singular fact is that the poems of Emerson were severely criticised, even ridiculed, by Poe, while Emerson regarded Poe as a jingler, who played upon words as a child would amuse itself with a rattle, as one who mistook the form for the substance of poetry. There is, aside from the open criticisms of each, sufficient evidence in the works of the two poets to enable us to see how widely they differed in their conceptions of poetry. But these poets were much alike in their manner of working, save that their patient

labor was spent in different directions. Both wrote slowly, and it required much time for them to evolve a verse which was satisfactory. Emerson wrote slowly. Walking in the quiet wood, he would pause to record his thought, and he waited long for a gleam of light which would bear the analysis of his strong mental spectroscope. Poe's literary workshop, as revealed in his remarkable essay on "The Philosophy of Composition," is one of the curiosities of literature. In reading "The Raven" one would suppose it to have been written when every cell of the author's brain was aglow with passion, and this is the popular impression of its origin,—but it is wrong. "The Raven," according to the best evidence at hand, was not written hurriedly, after a prolonged spree, but carefully, thoughtfully, and in calm hours of careful study. "The Raven" was slowly evolved from a complicated network of carefully-planned notes and literary measurements. As described by Poe, one is scarcely able to comprehend how such a weird creation could have been called forth, to use a legal phrase, in "cold blood." As given to the world of literature "The Raven" is a masterpiece of passion, but as an inchoate poem, in the formative condition of a much erased and interlinedated manuscript of the author, it was purely a work of the intellect. It was not the spontaneous production of passion, but the premeditated creation of the reasoning faculties. Passion was reached after careful analysis, and the climax was written first. The *locale* was determined and the effect of the *dénouement* was systematically planned before the lover imploringly exclaims:

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn.
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore.

It is everywhere apparent that Poe reached the triumph of Art in passion by the most studious observance of well-known principles of acoustics, by a close "circumspection of space," and "insulated incident," to use his own phrases. His processes were strictly analytical. A few sentences from his essay throw light on the subject:

"Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating conditions of thought, and at the true purposes seized only at the last moment." Speaking of his "Raven," he said: "It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referrible either to accident or intuition—that the work

proceeded step by step, to its completion, with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem." Poe continues at great length and gives, step by step, the tedious processes of composition pursued in writing his universally admired poem. In this connection a digression for a moment may be pardoned, as it pertains to Poe's estimate of his own works. While "The Raven" and "The Bells" have been almost universally esteemed as of higher value than all Poe's poems, unless it be a little gem called "A Dream within a Dream," which elocutionists highly prize, he himself liked "Lenore" best, and it is said that "above his desk always hung the romantic picture of his loved and lost Lenore."

No modern poetry presents a wider scope for good readers than many of the creations of imagination written by Poe. His "Bells" must have been written expressly for reading aloud by persons with well-trained, melodious voices. To read it simply with the eye half its beauty is lost. From the sleigh bells to the deep toned funeral bells there is all imaginable range of form, pitch, force, stress, quality and movement of voice. In many of his minor poems there is constant reference to the melodies and splendors of the human voice. In this fact may be found one of the most striking contrasts to the verse of Emerson. Seldom can a poem be found in all that he wrote in which there is any reference whatever to the powers of vocal expression. Word-forms and thought-forms, the love of truth and beauty, and the moral sentiment, prevail in all his poetry. From the standpoint of the vocalist or dramatist his prose is infinitely superior to his poetry, for some of it rises to the vividness of true poetic imagination, and carries a dramatic fire in its eloquent refrains.

It is urged by some critics that Emerson does not respect the forms of expression demanded in poetry. It is true that the chief popular objection to most of Emerson's poetry is that it lacks the delicate art—minor art, may be—which gives a mellow tinge to verse; and it is this delicate harmony and combination of words with reference to vocal effect and melody which, more than anything else, renders Poe a master word-painter, and sheds a gentle halo o'er his masterpieces. Emerson cares not so much for these artistic touches, for he often weds abrupt words to the most poetic thoughts. In fact, some of his expressions are shockingly rude in construction. Some of his poetry ignores all rules, but there are moods when he appears to be in communion with the gentle muses, when he beholds serenest beauties and dips his golden pen of

fancy into the ink of Nature's richest colors. There are times when he sails on the wings of fancy and abandons the stern exactions of his more thoughtful moods. It is in such flights that he most resembles Poe and perhaps comes the nearest to writing what is popularly thought to be poetry. The following little verse is a striking instance of this kind. Speaking of Nature he says she—

Beats in perfect tune
And rounds with rhyme her every rune
Whether she work on land or sea,
Or hide under ground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

This is so much unlike most of Emerson's poetry that it might well be classed with the work of such writers as Poe. With all his defects in the making of critic-proof verse, Emerson's conception of poetry is highly philosophical, and his execution is often artistic. Yet his poetry is ideal. It does not reveal the pulse-beats of human sorrow or the flushed cheek of health. His themes are essentially abstract, and his masterpieces live beyond our firesides in the white light of thought. This at once removes them from the masses, even of literary people. Turning from Emerson's poems to his essays, one beholds some of the most beautiful and suggestive sentences to be found in the whole range of literature. The reader is spellbound by the art tinges of his manly prose and made pure by the fine sunlight of his thought. He captures the secret meaning of truth, the inner beauty of nature, and embalms commonplace events in the ether of his thought. In view of the gentle fancies which he often weaves into his practical prose, it may not be too much to state that he often wrote poetry in the form of prose, and in view of the excess of thought in much of his poetry—the arrow of reason without the feather of fancy—that his poetry is philosophical prose. As an example of the density of his poetic thought, observe the little verse written as a preface to "Spiritual Laws":

The living Heaven thy prayers respect,
House at once and architect,
Quarrying man's rejected hours,
Builds therewith eternal towers;
Sole and self-commanded works,
Fears not undermining days,

Grows by decays,
And, by the famous might that lurks
In reaction and recoil,
Makes flame to freeze, and ice to boil;
Forging, through swarth arms of Offence,
The silver seat of Innocence.

There is not one person in a thousand who will read this verse and appreciate it, yet a few readers will say it is charming. As a striking contrast, take the simple "Annabel Lee" of Poe's, beginning—

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee—

and it is admired for its simple melody and its frankness. Here is a poetic theme—a flesh-and-blood love, a tender recollection, a tear; not an abstraction, not an Emersonian "Song of Nature," but a living pathos, born of human affection and human hopes.

Emerson's "Each and All" gives one a good idea of his poetry. It is not so difficult to understand as some of his imaginative rhymes. The following, which is the latter part of "Each and All," is greatly admired by lovers of Emerson:

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is good or fair alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye,
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire

Was woven still by the snow white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone.
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said “I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth.”
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Another little poem, entitled “Friendship,” is admired by the lovers of Emerson. The philosophy in this is in keeping with what appears throughout his simpler verses. The first two lines are proverbial—

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs.

These examples are fragmentary, yet they make plain my meaning.

When you would see Emerson's best poetry, in so far as poetry contains the eloquence and music of dramatic passion and fine word painting, you may often find it by turning to his essays. Every page of his remarkable essay on “Love” is suggestive of fairylane pictures. What can be more beautiful than this?—

“No man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things anew; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light; the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone.”

Again: “The day was not long enough, but the night, too, must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the

pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song."

See what a fancy continues: "The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds."

When he writes of the wonders of law and the grandeur of Nature, how he soars into the realms of poetic eloquence! Witness this example:

"How silent, how spacious, what room for all, yet without place to insert an atom,—in graceful succession, in equal fulness, in balanced beauty, the dance of the hours goes forward still. Like an odor of incense, like a strain of music, like a sleep, it is inexact and boundless."

A few passages like these, scattered through the pages of his essays made his literary style famous for the beauty of its illustrations. It is true that such a style is not continuous, but it must be remembered that diamonds are rare. It is enough that such sentences have been written, that a great "propounder of philosophy" should abandon the stellar depths for a time, and breathe with us the air which is the sustenance of plodding, every day mankind. There is something in his statement of the conditions of love and friendship which is generous and progressive and the themes seem hallowed by his presence. These isolated quotations show the warmer side of his nature. In after years he seldom wrote in such a vein.

Emerson regarded poetry as the second and higher meaning of prose, as a symbol pointing to the fact next beyond reality. "The poet gives us the eminent experience only—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain." "First, the fact; second, its impression, or what I think of it." This is an epitome of his philosophy of poetry: "The impressions on the imagination make the great days of life." "Poetry is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing, to pass the brute body, and search the life and reason which cause it to exist, to see that the object is always floating away, whilst the spirit or necessity which causes it subsists." Again, of the true poem he says: "In poetry we require the miracle. The bee flies among the flowers, and gets mint and marjoram, and generates a new product, which is not mint and marjoram, but honey; the chemist mixes hydrogen and oxygen to yield a new product, which is not these, but water; and the poet listens

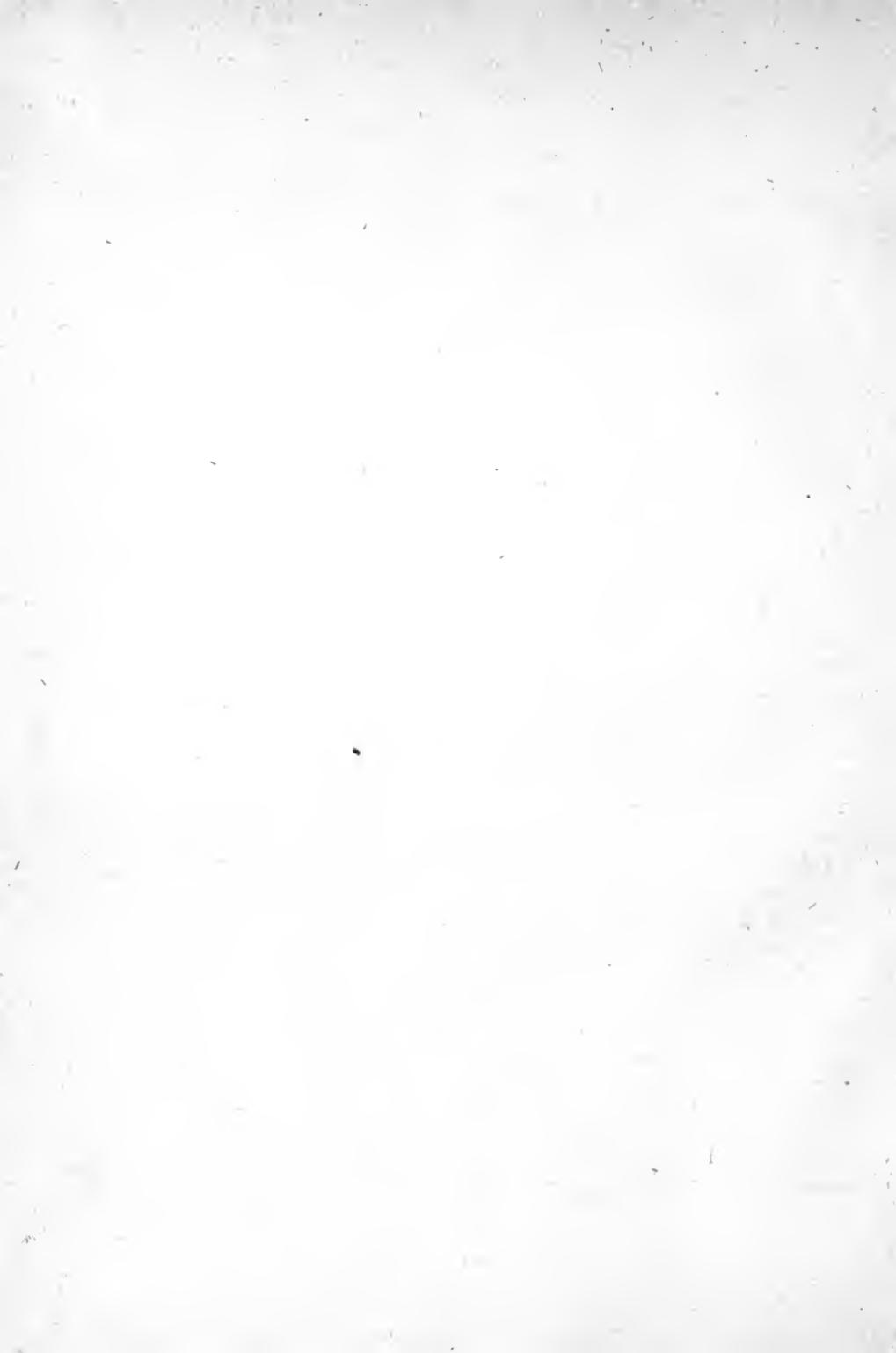
to conversation, and beholds all objects in nature, to give back, not them, but a new and transcendent whole."

Here is Poe's idea of poetry:

"I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes * * * * "Truth demands a precision and passion a homesickness which are absolutely antagonistic to that beauty, which, I maintain is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation of the soul." It is probable that Poe's conception of poetry is clearly revealed in "The Raven" and in "Lenore." See how the opening of his favorite poem illustrates the point—

Ay, broken is the golden bowl!—the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear?—weep now, or never more;
See, on yon drear, and rigid bier low lies thy love, / Lenore!
Come, let the burial rite be read,—the funeral song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young.—
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

These positive outlines from the pens of the two poets clearly indicate how they viewed that branch of literature in which both became famous. Emerson viewed poetry through the eye of philosophy; Poe, through the eye of art. Poe studied effects and attained them; Emerson beheld the thought, the essence of poetry, and mastered it in conception, if not always in expression. Poe wrote with elocution in view, as the actor studies his art. Emerson wrote for the brain; Poe wrote for the heart. Poe was an actor in the role of poet, an intense nature born to feel and realize the dramatic; Emerson was a calm thinker, a philosopher whose love of the true and beautiful led him to express himself in the form of poetry. No two men were more unlike, and as a result their poems bear no marked resemblance.



STEAM AND HEREDITY.
II.

STEAM AND HEREDITY.

EVEN the most ordinary observer needs no argument to convince him that the application of steam to mechanics has revolutionized the face of the earth, and made cities possible where were uninhabited tracts of land. The locomotive has justly been called a "winged god" which annihilates time and space. It is a slave which works with tireless industry through the cycle of the full day, demanding only food of carbon to properly heat its iron system, when it pulsates with great expansive power, and carries our burdens on its broad shoulders. It has been well trained to do man's work, "in hospitals to bring a bowl of gruel to a sick man's bed, or to twist beams of iron like candy braids, and vie with forces which upheaved and doubled over the geologic strata." No invention, since man first fought the elements, and struggled to overcome the powers of gravitation has done so much to promote the progress of the race, as the utilization of steam. The subjugation of the powers of the earth has in a great degree been rendered possible by the aid of the same civilizing power. But there is a most interesting phase of this question which has as yet found but limited expression in the current thought of the times. I refer to the effects which steam has wrought upon man in his social relations, and, in a broader sense, upon the race of the future in its physical and mental structure. Some very interesting problems are presented in the transformations brought about by rapid communication, and they are of such a nature as to determine in a great degree the character of posterity.

As a fundamental proposition let us assume that statistics show a

tendency to celibacy. Such a statement is corroborated by the data reported by recent students of our civilization. In the great centres of population, especially, marriage is becoming more unpopular than it was in generations past. I think this is due to causes which may be traced in a great degree to the effects of steam, a factor in our civilization which must essentially regulate the number of marriages and greatly determine what classes will marry. It would be interesting to have some clever student of the philosophy of civilization unfold the question in its fulness: but I merely outline the thought.

What is the effect of steam and this rapid-transit civilization upon celibacy? As an answer I accept, in great part, the proposition of Mr. Buckle, that the price of bread governs the number of marriages in a given country. There will not be many marriages where the conditions of success are difficult; and whatever renders greater the incompatibility between marriage and moderate means, whatever makes times harder and the marital responsibilities larger, must greatly decrease the number of such alliances. Steam has accomplished this result. Has it not enlarged our ideals of good living? Has it not lengthened the catalogue of our necessities and increased the difficulty of obtaining an adequate matrimonial status? A rapid glance at a long list of the new accompaniments of culture, which could not have existed previous to railroads, is sufficient to convince a casual observer that "the price of bread"—rather, the price of necessities, actual or ideal,—is much higher than it was fifty years ago. Will this not have the effect of rendering it more difficult to attain to the position in society which people desire before entering into the marriage relation? As intercommunication has been rendered next to universal over the face of the earth the world has become cosmopolitan, and good living is expensive. Imported goods, such as wearing apparel and household articles, are quite common, whereas a hundred years ago ox-teams and stage coaches as common carriers precluded such extravagance. The standard of dress was cheaper and the country's mode of life was more provincial. To-day architecture is more expensive, and every object of use or beauty is summoned from afar. Parisian trousseaux may be ordered by galvanic speech, and reach their destination in some western American state quicker than the old fathers could have sent their humble homespun across a few dozen counties. Theatres, formerly limited to the great cities where acting was cultivated, have now sprung up in every village of a few thousand inhabitants. In the same manner the methods of modern times have

increased the expenses of marriage itself, for summer resorts and long bridal tours are the innovations of yesterday. Costly house decorations and rare treasures of art are brought by lightning express. Poor Mr. Jones will not marry. He does not care to ignore the ideals of the age, which have become the prevailing fashion,—enlarged into necessities by the increased facilities of the times. He is not ready to compete with the whole world, whose cosmopolitan customs have revolutionized old ways of living and made modern economy more expensive than the luxuries of his ancestors. Thus, steam, or more properly the progress, the civilization ripened by its influences, deters a large number of people from marrying. What people? What classes of Americans will be influenced by the considerations outlined? Not the very wealthy, for they are within reach of the new ideals, the more expensive demands, the enlarged necessities of the age. Not the very poor, for they live beneath the behests of fashion, in a world where the ambitions for social standing and the distinctions of social caste do not exist. The middle classes are chiefly influenced by the new *regime*, and a diminished percentage of this class enters into the marriage relation. Whether the fact that this factor is at work will perceptibly influence the race of to-morrow is a question of little practical bearing, yet it is most interesting as a speculative problem. The parentage of children is undoubtedly a factor which has great influence upon their lives and characters, and the parents of the majority of posterity in this country will be selected from the very poor classes of the people; or, more properly, from the very poor and the wealthy, but as there are ten very poor people to every one rich one, it is safe to say from the poor. It will be found that in every hundred poor people there is a larger number who marry than there is in every hundred in moderate means, with the new ambitions of the age, tempting them to say "No." The immediate question arising from this fact is as to the ability of the poor to properly rear and educate their children. Have they the wealth to sufficiently educate, feed and clothe them? Have they the intelligence to outline and observe the conditions of health, the hygienic and physiological rules essential to their children's physical welfare? Then again, what is the mental and physical condition of the poor? If Mr. Francis Galton's laws of heredity are of account the character of coming children greatly depends upon their parents. Are the poor brawny, muscular, and healthy, or are they overworked, ill-fed and deformed from bending over modern machinery and being housed in overcrowded factories and shops? If so, how will this affect their

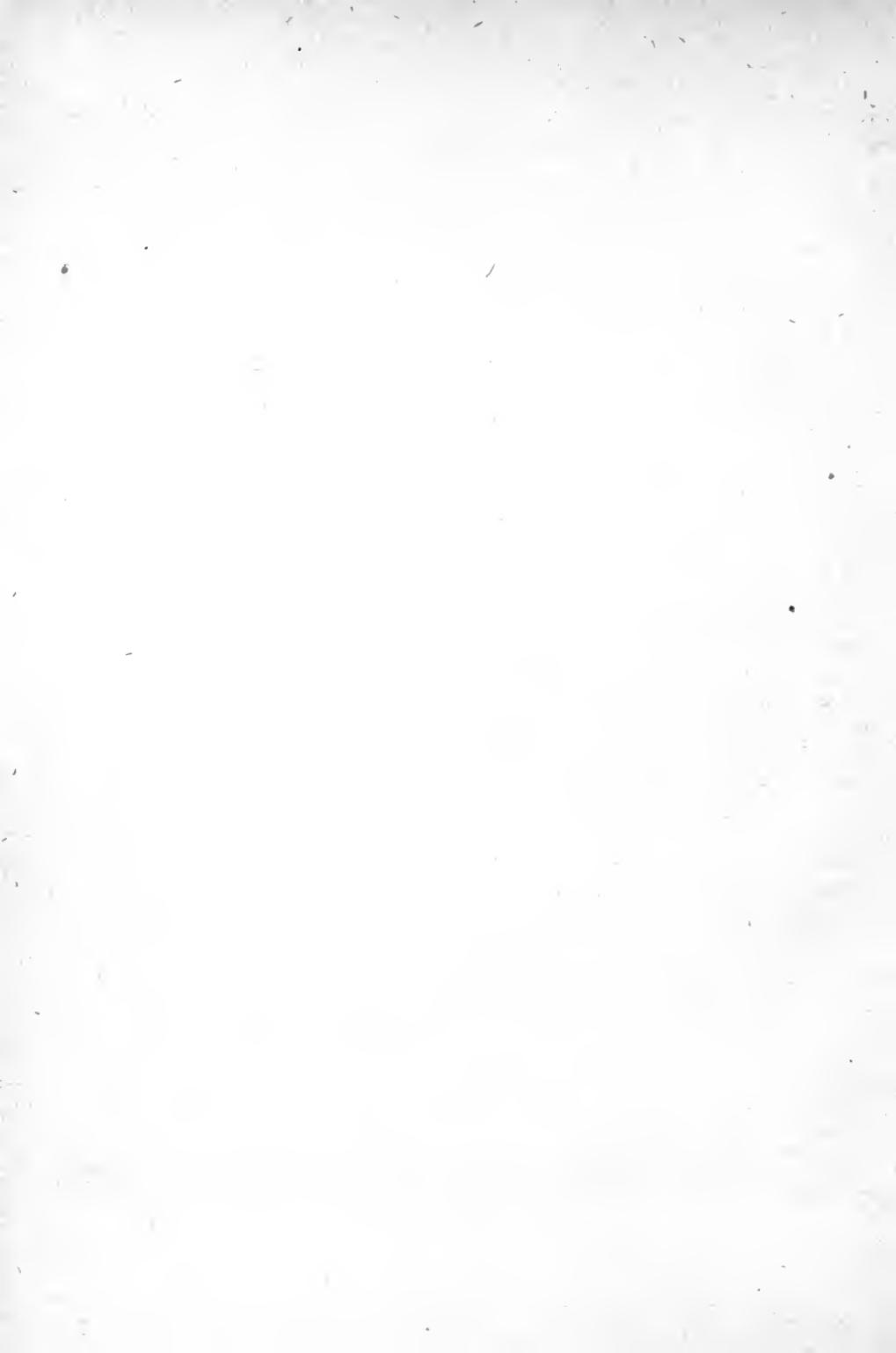
offspring? These are pertinent questions. They are of such a nature as to start a train of thought that leads to the very heart of the question at hand.

The suggestions which occur in studying this subject are, as I have said, nice studies in a direction that leads to the broad problems of economic science. At present the perceptible effect is very small, for, though there is undoubtedly a largely diminished number of marriages in recent years, the diminution, a large number in itself, is small compared with numbers so vast as the millions which make the total of our population. Like all generalizations, these observations, to be of practical value, must be extended over areas of long duration. The data must be full before the result is strikingly noticeable.

It is quite evident that the propositions deduced from a study of steam and progress are tenable.* Then who can say what limit there is to this agent's power? It may yet change man in his essential characteristics not less than man has transformed nature by its aid. One might trace at length the more obvious changes due to rapid locomotion, such as better facilities for education. A great part of the wonderful success of daily papers is attributable to the improvements which the new age has brought with it. The rich harvest of the world's news and thoughts is enjoyed by people in locations that, but for steam, must have remained remote. Few places are now inaccessible, and for a few cents the humblest citizen may purchase, at far, distant places, a photograph of the world. Steam, telegraphy, and the printing art, go together—a trio of conquerors. They are concentrated in the newspaper as an intelligent breakfast companion. The quiet lessons of newspapers reach the masses, carried by swift trains. The nimble workmen who skilfully built the pages are scarcely in sound sleep by the time that people hundreds of miles away begin to read the news of the hour and all the lessons contained in the editorial columns. Steam must, therefore, have much credit for the quickened thought and better education of the times, which is not without effect on posterity.

*NOTE.—Another tendency which is doubtless an important factor in deterring marriages is the nomadic spirit instilled into the minds of many persons by the largely augmented opportunities for traveling. Many persons thus form rambling habits which they never give up. The desire to settle down in life becomes less and less until finally there is no ambition whatever for a home. Who can determine the extent to which steam is responsible for this?

ORATORY.
III.



ORATORY.

IT is said on high authority that eloquence is so subtle, so mysterious, that no good definition of the term has ever been given. There is not extant anything like a complete list of the implements of oratory, the means by which *emotion* is expressed so as to excite *emotions* in others; for audiences and individuals are as varied as the degrees of passion and intelligence of the human mind. What is eloquence in one age and upon one occasion may be not less than tiresome talk or flippant bombast elsewhere; so, from this fact no specific rules of oratory are available. Oratory would not be the charming power it is if it could thus be classified and labeled, like chemists' compounds, for future use. Much of the splendor and magic of good speech consists in its surprises, and in the fact that it occasionally reveals powers of pathos, of language, or of thought, which had not been suspected. Just what oratory is no man knows, yet every one possesses it in a degree, and at certain superior moments of feeling all men are truly eloquent. In such hours of clear-headed speech—perhaps talking with a group of familiar friends—we speak convincingly and with ease, and when such conversations are analyzed a firm common sense is found to permeate them. Courage to express one's convictions, relevancy to the subject, and truthfulness, are three prime requirements of impressive speeches. In other words, the most effective oratory in the end is that which is simple and truthful. The orator must be in earnest. He must be honest, and he must know what he is talking about. Such a man truly represents a cause, and as a great writer has said, he then stands for more than he

utters—for all that HE IS. The *man* is more conspicuous than the speech, which is but a partial expression of the nobility of his character, an exponent of his manhood.

The old books make some nice distinctions between eloquence and oratory, but they scarcely hold in modern times. It was said that oratory is artificial and acquired, while eloquence is a natural gift; that eloquence is feeling, the heart addressing the heart, while oratory is artificial, or acquired. It is no doubt true that there is a silent language in eloquence, which cannot be classified as speech. A cultivation of rhetorical pauses and stops can never prove as effectual as the unstudied movement of natural emotions, when thought takes possession of the mind and pleads by appropriate use of the countenance, and by its measured volleys and rests.

The old Latin maxim is that the poet is born and the orator is made, yet oratory cannot be developed to any great degree in a mind devoid of the natural fire of eloquence; but orators are not born, for a study of their lives shows that much diligent labor was expended in perfecting themselves before they acquired distinction. It is to a certain degree true that men have varying capacities for powerful speech, but it is a delusion to believe that a man may not become a clever talker by diligence. Any man with ordinary physical and mental powers may, by close application, become at least a very entertaining and instructive speaker. This may not be oratory, but it is so like it that few will discover the difference. It approaches oratory at least as closely as art and good talent approach genius, and one definition of genius is the capacity for hard and prolonged labor.

There is eloquence of various degrees, just as there are brains of various sizes and capacities. The eloquence of philosophy, as witnessed in a lecture from the great Emerson, would have been a bore to many a man who would grow red with enthusiasm within the sound of a political stump speaker's voice. So oratory is a thing of infinite degree.

In modern times the old-fashioned oratory is not popular. A speech must come in the garb of the times or it is scarcely given courteous reception. The old sentences were long and involved, and the speeches were of a length and style that would now be intolerable. It is doubtful whether even a dramatic Whitefield would be accorded the success he had, if he should reappear with the old sentences and the theology of his generation. Labor-saving and time-killing devices have imparted

their spirit to the methods of our education and the manner of our speech: as a result short words are popular, and sentences run in "nervous knots," impatient of being prolonged. A recent writer in the New York *Sun* did not miss the truth far when he said that eloquence of the future will be "a gleam of light shot into one sentence, a dart of fine reason, an eye-beam, a simple waving of the head." It is certainly true that we are less patient of piled up climaxes and cumulative perorations than our forefathers were. The spirit of the business man permeates the best political speeches of the age, and many popular ministers address sinners on questions of destiny in a crisp, matter-of-fact manner.

The good speaker should be reasonably logical in his conclusions but never tediously so in his methods. An elaborate style filled with abstract philosophy is not suitable for public speeches to miscellaneous audiences. Such addresses should be confined to the lecture rooms of specialists as they invariably disappoint the mass of every day listeners. As a model of literary style some of Lord Macaulay's writings are unequalled. His style is vivid enough for the imagination, yet terse enough for the expression of thought. It is never necessary to read a page twice. An example from his "*History of England*" is in point. Observe its simple beauty:

"We are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance and far in the rear is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward, and find nothing but sand where an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it receding before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity."

Such a style has formed the basis of many an orator's speech. It is admirably adapted to outbursts of descriptive eloquence, varying in rhythm and intensity with the thought of the speaker. It would not be advisable to follow Carlyle's peculiarities or to imitate his style proper, but there are instances where his feeling is truly magnificent. At times he is intensely eloquent and a peculiar beauty may be seen in his rugged sentences. His description of the kirk or church, is an example which illustrates the idea. Notice how he relates a plain truth in a striking manner:

"The church; what a word was there; richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little kirk; the dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial stones, in hope of a happy resurrection: dull wert thou, O reader, if never, in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such kirk hung spectral in the sky, and being was as if swallowed up of darkness) it spoke to thee—things unspeakable, that went to thy soul's soul."

It is a singular fact that many eminent speakers have possessed poor voices, although nothing is more tiresome than to hear a speaker with a defective voice. Many eminent orators have been awkward in gesticulation, although awkwardness usually excites our risibles. As a rule such speakers have charmed by the eloquence and warmth of their feelings or the matchless beauty and power of their language. Awkwardness and poor voice have never aided them, but they have succeeded with all these disadvantages. As the French say, "they have done well in spite of themselves."

Colonel Ingersoll, whom many persons,—aside from all question of belief,—regard as the *beau ideal* of an orator, generally speaks in conversational tones but with great earnestness. He is simple in his language and very natural in his intonations. He once told me that his rule was to speak as he felt. Said he, "If wings come, fly; but never beat the air like a bat and pretend that you are going to soar."

The late General James Shields, who had rare opportunities of observing the great men of the Senate in his day and who intimately knew Webster, Clay and Calhoun, once made this remark in my hearing: "The fault of our young men is flippancy in their speeches. They must learn the old maxim *not many, but much*. They must be simple." He valued the thought of a speech first and the language second, and he held that fine thinking would usually find simple words.

Elocutionists seldom become good actors or speakers, though a proper study of the science as well as the art of expressing thought and feeling, by vocal utterance and action, ought to perfect the speaker. However, for some reason a mannerism clings to very many elocutionists and they spoil their speeches by reminding one of their artificial methods at every new intonation and gesture. They violate the rule that demands naturalness. A striking criticism by Col. Ingersoll in a recent number of the

*North American Review** is worthy of notice in this connection. He says: "If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture. The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery."

Orators should be students of nature and of books. Their reading should be of the best authors, but their own originality should never for an instant be held down by useless forms and rules. Oratory may be cultivated, but for its highest forms we must search until we find a person combining natural qualifications with the fruit of much toil. If a man read much, that he may speak powerfully, it is well; but he will need much practice at speaking to enable him to hide the ladders by which he climbed, to dispel the smell of "midnight oil." It is in speaking naturally, spontaneously, and without painful effort, that the greatest effects are produced. The orator must be a student of books and a student of nature, but the knowledge gained from books should be filtered through nature, that it may come with a freshness that delights, with the poetry and sublimity of a Niagara. Invention, or the appearance of invention, is the crowning glory.

The orator should have confidence in his cause and in himself, and he must be honest and brave in speech. He is to convince men and make them feel with him, for eloquence is defined to be the art of convincing men by speech. A man who doubts himself or his cause cannot lead others. The orator is essentially the spokesman of a cause and he must be firm when others shake their heads in doubt and fear. Though the age tends toward this or that folly or eccentricity the orator is ever for justice, for the intellect, for man. When men in crowded and smoky cities question the good of civilization; when the church trembles lest infidelity shake its foundations; when monopolies threaten the destruc-

*NOTE.—The article referred to is entitled *Motley and Monarch*, and it appears in the *North American Review* for December 1885. What is said about elocutionists is so apropos that it is inserted in full.

tion of individuals,—then the orator's voice swells like some half-forgotten song; then his finger points to the handwritings on the wall, and he teaches men to follow the tenets of philosophy, to see by the light of experience. From the dry bones of the past he builds a living form in the full bloom of health; into the pleasant expanse of some fast coming future he carries those whose lips are thirsty and parched from the starvation of the past. The orator is a man of faith. He believes in human nature. He knows that there is sunshine behind the clouds; his eye sees the clear waters ere his foot has left the desert sand. In his thought, actions, and presence you behold the man of faith, in whose veins runs blood rich and red.

Old Dr. Samuel Johnson said that wit consists in finding resemblances. It is often a wonderful power in public speech, for it acts as an electric force that brings the speaker and the audience close to each other. It causes a flow of good feelings, and fellowship of this kind has a high value. Even in pulpit eloquence there have been remarkable examples of the power of wit, and also of the gentler heat called humor. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the illustrious Tom Marshall's reply to an antagonist who once interrupted his speech at Buffalo, nor to Randolph in olden times. The pages of history are full of anecdotes of witty speakers. Tears and laughter lie side by side, and when humor and pathos are properly mingled their effect is wonderful.

The improvements which a man desirous of becoming a public speaker can effect in himself are almost without limit. He has the range of all past literature from which to pluck the flowers of language that have blossomed through ages gone. Orators, poets, and philosophers are at his side at the cost of a few dollars. He has theatres and lecture rooms, where he may observe and listen until his understanding is hammered into shape. Overhead, the everlasting sky and the quiet stars. Here in man's world, the globe and its wonders, science and its achievements, humanity and its possibilities. Science comes to his aid now with a delicate instrument* for making artificial balmy air so he may cultivate the qualities of voice so charming in Italian speakers and singers. By careful study and practice most people can improve their voices tenfold, and a good voice is surely a fine accompaniment, if not with many persons an essential, of good oratory. In ancient times oratory was

*NOTE.—Dr. Carter Moffat's wonderful invention, the ammoniaphone, which is highly recommended by leading actors, speakers and singers. It deepens and improves the voice.

thoroughly cultivated as an art. The story of Demosthenes and his trials is familiar to everyone. The old school readers tell how he put pebbles in his mouth, shaved one side of his head, and spoke aloud to the rolling sea.

Cicero was an orator as untiring as Demosthenes in his habits of study. Mr. Forsyth tells us, in his biography, that Cicero was always a diligent student. When he arose to speak he trembled like a leaf, for he had then become a bundle of blazing emotions. Every fibre of his being struggled to speak. The biographer says:

"Cicero therefore devoted himself to the study of that art, of success in which he was soon to show himself the most splendid example. He diligently declaimed at home, and there noted the passages that had most struck him, in the Greek orators, or the speeches he had heard delivered; taking care at the same time to cultivate his style by written composition, and the perusal of works of rhetoric."

Afterwards, we read of his studying philosophy under Philo, of the Academy school at Athens. This is sufficient insight into the history of the ancients to show how great were the triumphs of oratory and how many were the struggles and trials of the orators. In no subsequent ages, with rare individual exceptions, have men ever so systematically and thoroughly studied the science and art of oratory or applied themselves in its practice so assiduously.

Whatever may be said of mere elocution, no one will for a moment attempt to deny the value of what vocalists term "voice building" exercises, such as strengthen the vocal organs and give purity to the tone. An effective series of neck gymnastics often proves useful in strengthening the voice. These exercises are outlined in many works on the subject. By such practices and by a study of proper breathing methods the flexibility and power of the voice may be wonderfully increased. In his "Eyes and Ears" Henry Ward Beecher says: "Military men and shipmasters attain to great power of propagating sounds. It may be said, that, though such persons are able to eject simple orders, or sentences, they could not sustain the fatigue of a continuous delivery for an hour." The truth of this statement is best known to public speakers or to persons who have at some time spoken in public and found themselves "all out of breath" and dry in the mouth. Sometimes this trouble arises from nervous excitement, but more often from breathing improperly,—using the mouth too much, and thereby robbing the nostrils of their proper function. Such breathing evaporates the saliva which

otherwise would keep the mouth in good condition. Economy in the expenditure of breath is a thing of wonderful importance.

The system of writing speeches, which was introduced by Pericles and commended by Cicero, seems to have grown in favor in many places in modern times. Congressional, Senatorial and Parliamentary speeches, are read very often from manuscripts; yet most people grow weary unless a written speech is read with unusual naturalness. The public in general will agree with the late David Paul Brown, an eloquent lawyer and author, of Philadelphia. He says: "A written speech gives you no idea of true oratory—no more than a lifeless eagle furnishes you with a just idea of the same bird, when cleaving the air in the pride and majesty of his strength. That which is written addresses its subject; that which is spoken addresses its hearers."

Perhaps for all men the best rule is to remain silent till the thought is fully ripe. Do not speak too soon or say too much. "Nay, in thy own mean perplexities," says Carlyle's wonderful Teufelsdröckh, "do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day*: on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out! Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought; but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech too, is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss inscription says: 'Speech is silvern, silence is golden:' Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity. * * * Thought will not work except in Silence." But we cannot remain silent forever. Our thoughts fly on the wings of words. They ripen and blossom in the soil of language, and many are the attractions of the golden tongue.

For the orator there is ever room. He may speak of humanity and its wrongs, nature and its beauties, or of "the splendors and shades of heaven and hell," and he will always find eager listeners in this country, if he speak well.



STUDIES IN SUICIDE.
IV.

STUDIES IN SUICIDE.

THE chief advantage in writing on suicide is that nobody knows much about it. On such a theme the fool and wise man may in a manner meet on a common plane—that of their mutual ignorance. However, from the fact that a large number of my acquaintances have taken “arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing” ended them, I have been led, against natural inclinations, to make extended observations on this subject. In fact, for several years I have been interested in reading books, speeches, pamphlets and sermons about suicide. My course of reading on self-destruction and its causes has also been stimulated by original investigations, partly such as any one interested in the subject might make, but chiefly such as I have had occasion to pursue in the discharge of newspaper duties, in cities where many suicides have occurred. This is sufficient apology for inviting the attention of those who are busy with the cares of life and the possibilities of ambition, to the consideration of a subject which few contemplate without a shudder.

A few years ago there was a great discussion among medical men—and it is still an open question—as to whether perfectly sane men ever kill themselves. Ingenious arguments were brought forth by the champions of both sides of the question, but a candid perusal of the evidence will convince most persons that self-destruction is at times effected by sane

men in cool moments.* Taking it for granted that a man in sound mind sometimes grows weary of life, it is interesting to know the processes of reasoning which he pursues to convince himself that life is not worth

*NOTE.—Persons who are interested in the study of the question as to the sanity of those who commit suicide will doubtless be led to read this note, which treats of that phase of the question.

By consulting "Dunglison's Medical Dictionary" I find it stated that "suicide is very frequently the result of diseased mind." This would seem to indicate, by negations, that the writer believes that suicide may be committed by sane people. "Ray's Medical Jurisprudence," a standard work, says: "With all the light on the subject which the researches of modern inquiries have elicited, many, probably, are yet unable to answer understandingly the question so often started, whether suicide is always or ever the result of insanity." Coming to the gist of the subject the author says: "To the healthy and well balanced mind suicide seems so strange and unaccountable a phenomenon, that many distinguished writers have inconsiderately regarded it as, in all cases, the effect of mental derangement; while, by many others, it has, with still less reason, been viewed as always, being except in connection with manifest insanity, the act of a sound mind. Neither of these views can be supported by an impartial consideration of all the facts, and the truth probably lies between the two extremes." * * * * "We know well enough that life is not so dear that it will not be readily sacrificed when all that makes it worth retaining is taken away. The intrepid Roman chose rather to fall on his own sword, than survive the liberties of his country or live an ignominious life; and the reverses of fortune which hurl men from the pinnacles of wealth or power; or the certain prospect of infamy and the world's scorn, are no very inadequate motives for terminating one's existence. In these cases, the person, no doubt, may act from error of judgment, and thus be guilty of foolish and stupid conduct, but we have no right to confound such error with unsoundness of mind."

[The custom of the ancients, who carried poison for purposes of self destruction, is also in point. Hannibal, the great general, killed himself by taking poison which he carried concealed in a finger ring. Huc says that the Chinese have a custom of inflicting punishment on their enemies by committing suicide at their doors.]

"It cannot be denied, that the cases are comparatively few in regard to which it would be safe to affirm that the excitement of the organic action of the brain and nervous system, which accompanies this perturbation of mind, had not transcended the limits of health, and passed into real pathological irritation."

I know of a person who once presented the following interesting and rather novel defense of suicide, in cases of disease. It might more properly come under the head of *euthanasia*, or easy death, a term well known to physicians, for it deals more with such cases as come under this term than with the more rash forms of death. Besides, it must be remembered that statistics show a very small percentage of suicides among such people as he refers to. The argument is so ingenious that it is given in full. He says: "I admit, in this argument, that God is just and that it is our duty to alleviate suffering and relieve humanity of misery. It is a *duty*, not a privilege, to overcome misery. Self-protection, or self-defense, is the *prime* law of nature, and furnishes the strongest argument for self-destruction in cases of fatal and painful diseases. If A runs at B, with an empty shot gun in his hand, which B believes is loaded, B is justifiable legally and also on the highest grounds of Christian morals in killing A, in self defense. This case, of course, is based on the supposition that B believed and had good reason to believe that A meant to kill him. In other words, if B has just reasons to apprehend that A means to kill him or commit upon him great bodily harm, he is morally justified in killing A to prevent it—and the highest reasoning supports this conclusion. On equally reasonable grounds A, who has a fatal disease, of which he must in all probability die, after much suffering, is justifiable in taking his own life as a preventive of much suffering, and in response to the *duty* of all men to avoid the infliction of misery on themselves or others. Now, if God is *just* and if it is the duty of man to alleviate suffering, in response to the highest reason, this conclusion is irresistible. Admit that the life of every man belongs not to him, but to the Creator, who has the right to say when it shall end. The same axiom applies to the case of justifiable homicide, but does not detract from the argument or from the moral right to take a

living. Why does he want to die? What strange philosophy, what reckless impulse drives him to reverse the prime instincts of man, the first law of animal nature? Is it that he is more foolish than most men or is he wiser? Does he, having a keener insight than his fellow men, see that it is best to die? These questions are suggested by the perusal of farewell letters, written by despondent men, just before leaving the world. The character of some such documents demonstrates that a melancholy mood is as natural to certain constitutions as oxygen to air. But no less an observer than Ruskin declares with great confidence that "wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life." Again he states that cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek.* Whether this be true or not it is certain that great minds are often gloomy. It would be a difficult matter to say just what is the cause of such a mood. It is doubtless greatly due to the reactions that come from excessive mental work, and it may result in part from overwork, lack of rest and exercise, and like causes. A study of the lives of great men shows that some of them have been constitutionally pessimistic. Great wits have nearly died of *ennui*, poets and philosophers have had "the blues," and even an eminent teacher of the gospel of cheerfulness says: "Tired of the heat and glamor of the day, we hear with joy the rustling garments of the night"

Whoever is habitually gloomy must often question the value of life, and at times ask himself whether it is indeed a blessing. He cannot forever live in happiness on the memory of one supreme moment. One or two golden hours in his experience do not prove to be a covenant for all future days, and in time he inquires whether death were not preferable, as an easy escape from the torments of disappointment. But cheerful men or men apparently content with life, have been known to steal out of the world

life that belonged to the Creator in such a case. It is our duty to use reason and to alleviate suffering, and when death is apparent, near at hand and likely to be preceded by great physical pain, we are justifiable in taking a hypodermic injection of morphine and quietly ending what is already struggling to die. Death is as natural as life, and by assisting the instrument of death (fatal diseases) we only assist nature and thereby do right. A just God will not punish a creature who honestly seeks death in relief of suffering, in the full belief that it is at hand by prolonged misery. Admitting the premises this argument is conclusive, the basis of Christian philosophy, then why deny them?" This argument was adduced by a man who had a mania for suicide, but it is certainly put in a cunning manner. If any reader may be curious to investigate this question further, I take the liberty of referring him to an eminent physician and former army surgeon, Dr. Asher Goslin. He now resides at Oregon, Missouri, and he can doubtless give invaluable citations of medical authority on this topic, which he has thoroughly investigated.

*See Mathew's "Literary Style."

by their own choice, without a moment's warning. What are we to say of such cases? Where is the philosopher of suicide who can account for this? If the clever theory of such a thinker as Buckle is tenable there is a cause, a law which governs with unerring accuracy the number of suicides in a given era and country. Such a philosophy may account for Mr. Dark, into whose pessimistic soul never yet a ray of light did fall, but does the slowly working cause, the chain of predisposing events that leads to suicide, apply to Mr. Light, who is all sunshine, and who has been in love with life since a child in arms? The future, that has for years been to him as a field of pleasing opportunities, and into whose benign skies he has ever gazed with unabated interest and hope, suddenly becomes black as deepest midnight. The plan of creation no longer seems to be a perfect tuning of time and of opportunity. Life ceases to impress him as a magical union of seen and unseen harmonies, and it becomes a heavy, unendurable train of thoughts, a wall of stone, a prison from which he longs to escape. To solve the mystery of such an one's suicide is more than the keenest observer can do. The problem takes deep root in such abstruse questions as mental philosophy propounds. It has to do with metaphysics, objective and subjective theories of the world, and many questions of like import. The sudden sundering of the firm ties which bind a cheerful mind to life, with all the strength of a love of the beautiful and permanent, is one of the most remarkable freaks of a sound mind, if it does in reality ever occur in such.

An anonymous writer a few years ago put forth an ingenious theory that suicides occur most frequently among ambitious people. In fact, he went so far as to say that Indians and old-fashioned slave negroes—those who have not become educated and independent, and who still carry the effects of slavery—never commit suicide. He argued that they live in such a manner as to excite little ambition—the Indians all being hunters, and the negroes virtually slaves. As a result they are seldom grievously disappointed of their hopes, of which they have but few. If this be a true solution of the question, we have data from which to evolve a neat generalization. It might be stated as a fundamental proposition that the *great underlying cause of suicide is an ill-founded ambition for unattainable ideals*. Indeed there is much truth in such a statement, for it is agreed among statisticians that there are ten suicides by reason of anguish, fear, disappointment and mental troubles to every one caused by acute pain, sickness or physical ailments. Disappointment in business, love and domestic relations causes many suicides.

Then the question arises whether people are properly armed in philosophy. Do the masses not expect too much from their favorite ideals? If ambition runs high, without proper direction, it may poison the sweetest life. The great Napoleon once contemplated suicide; he, the most conspicuous example in modern times, of an ambitious man, seriously thought of ending his days—when thwarted and surrounded by what seemed insurmountable obstacles, he wanted to kill himself. A great writer has said that when Napoleon had an ambition it was ever, “Beware the obstacle!” Perhaps people are unduly stimulated to become famous or rich. In many such cases failure ends in suicide. It may be that, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has so forcibly said, we do not live with healthy ideals in view. We need more of the calm repose, the benign hopefulness preached so beautifully by our own great Sage of Concord. We need, as a healthful climate for the mind, the quietude of an optimistic hope, a belief in the eternal fitness of things. With such views of duty, and, with an abiding trust in the nobility of the mind, we will live slower but longer. We will take the days as they come to us, sweetened with light and perfumed with the odors of truth. Such a check in the ambitions of the times is needed as will place life on a higher basis than the low plane of commercial prosperity. The vulgar ambition for empty applause, which underlies the lives of many, is no better. To live for the purpose of developing one's character normally, and to the highest degree possible is the only worthy ambition of a sane mind. This is the teaching of the old sages. The age needs such sound axioms as old Epictetus propounded,—lessons which place duty, ambition and development upon their proper plane. A narrow philosophy stakes the question of life or death on the success or failure of some favorite scheme or ambition, without sufficiently respecting general ends. The destiny of man is overlooked, and the bewildered unfortunate rushes to an untimely end.

The old question of DUTY is ever new as the odors of a summer morning. Just to live aright, to preserve the equipoise, the delicate balance between hope and achievement, between the ideal and the real! Schiller gives the true answer to the oft-recurring question “What shall I do?” He says, “**THY DUTY EVER.**”

“There is little need to rush from life,” says a writer in the London *Times*, “for, like the man who runs from his shadow, the consequences of this evolving chain called life being eternal, the rash person is never tired. He can never escape from himself, from the *ego* that is the all of

existence." Let him wait a little time at best, and the three score and ten years journey of the five senses is over. Let him bury his sorrows in honorable pursuits, seeking, meantime, to learn what he can of the universe, of science and of the laws of progress. As Hamerton so beautifully says: "Yet if we often blunder and fail for want of perfect wisdom and clear light, have we not the inward assurance that our aspiration has not been all in vain, that it has brought us a little nearer to the Supreme Intellect whose effulgence draws us whilst it dazzles? Here is the true secret of that fascination which belongs to intellectual pursuits, that they reveal to us a little more, and yet a little more; of the eternal order of the universe, establishing us so firmly in what is known, that we acquire an unshakable confidence in the laws which govern what is not, and never can be, known."

This is the spirit for every worker beneath the noonday sun. Let him believe in the resources of nature and in the possibilities of man; let him believe that "every day is Doomsday," and, finally, that he lives in an age of progress and liberty. The ocean of the future bears on its boundless expanse the barks and crafts and steamers of invention and of hope. The waves of the eternal sea of time wash the shores of unknown lands. Every human being has a first class passage with all the privileges, rights and immunities of every other passenger. He has no occasion to annul his own right to live when the stars of love and hope and thought may shine forever in his course, whether rich or poor, prince or pauper; whether the king of men or the loneliest wanderer along the shores of human toil.









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